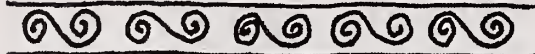


Innis Herald
'91-'92
Sep. 1991
Volume 26
Issue 1

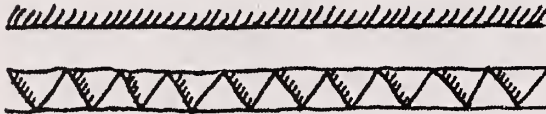
ORIENTATION ISSUE



THE
iNNiS
HERALD



GET INTO THE
GROOVE



Zeal and Enthusiasm Run Rampant

Undemanding, destressing and thoroughly fulfilling though it was, all good things must come to an end. And so after a year's hiatus during which I travelled far and wide and saw many a wondrous wonder, I have returned. This fact was, however, unavoidable, as I do have a education which I feel compelled to complete. My return - still in its embryonic stages - appears to me, at this point, both good and bad.

Good, because upon my arrival in Toronto I was greeted by a motecade of all my loved ones, some of my liked ones and many of my relatives. This pleased me much. Bad, because included in the festivities, disguised as a member of my father's side of the family, was a lovely and decorative float courtesy of my Visa creditors. And although it appeared that they had put a lot of time and effort into making it both a lovely and decorative float and at the same time functional, with many moving parts, I would be lying to say I was happy to see them. The Visa bill, whopping though it was, was really not my fault. And when I explained to Walter and Elliot from the repossessing branch that the blame must be put on the not much talked about Visadevil that possessed my body one day while strolling down the Champs Elysees, they seemed less than convinced. This, however, was not such a shock to me. It's happened before. And not just once.

Anywho, having left Paris - city of sin, village of vice, home of the twenty dollar baguette -- it is with great zeal and enthusiasm that I face the coming year at the University of Toronto, in general, and Innis

College, in particular. Zeal and enthusiasm have never been my long suit. I've never really had a long suit. I had a long dress once but that's neither here nor there. So, although not much seems to have changed apart from all the sadness and misery that pervades my financial contentedness, one thing has come to my attention about which I cannot help but remark: By some miraculous miracle I have become the editor of the *Innis Herald*. And although I would never have thought that I could become zealous or enthusiastic about any job that would require sitting behind a computer for long hours, organization skills, keeping deadlines and dealing with horrible unwieldy amounts of stress and misery, I do find myself acting in a fashion that could be considered by some to be enthusiastic or even -- heavens above -- zealous. Perhaps I'm confusing that nervous excited feeling in my stomach with that lingering parasite that has been with me since I left Barcelona. Perhaps though, and tie me down and make me eat a bug if I'm wrong, it has something to do with the *Herald*.

To be honest and frank, which has always been my way, I have no great lofty intentions for this year's *Herald*. My wants and desires are simple: I want Christian Slater as my assistant editor and I want to have all articles written using only vowels, preferably just o's and u's. Above and beyond those requests, I would like the paper to be representative of Innis' student body, but that would mean that you would have to do some writing and if this edition is any indication, you are nowhere to

be found. Perhaps all you budding young writer types will materialize for the second edition. I also really want it to look good; that is to say, aesthetically pleasing. So if you consider yourself some kinda *artiste* or perhaps a *cartooniste* of sorts, well then the *Herald* wants you.

We can't really cover news per se, as the term "newspaper" might imply, simply because we only publish once a month on average. Kind of like *Rolling Stone* only different because I, unlike the editor of *Rolling Stone*, have great difficulty getting an interview with Eddie Van Halen, let alone a date. However, if there's anything you deem interesting that falls under the category of news and you want it printed up to our humble rag, by gum, we'll print it.

Also, there's always room for expansion in our environmental and even in the urban studies sections. Ahem.

We need help, and lots of it. And if you're a first year then let me just say that working on the paper is not only fun it's a great way to meet people. (I haven't actually met anyone yet but that might just be because I'm stuck in this damn office behind this damn computer with all this stress and misery. So let's just say it's a great way to meet me, which is why you came to University in the first place, is it not?)

So come by the *Herald* office, room 305, if you have anything to say about anything. Even if you have nothing to say, you can come and just listen to me. I can tell you all about my trip. Maybe I'll even show you my pictures.



ORIENTATION ISSUE



ORIENTATION ISSUE

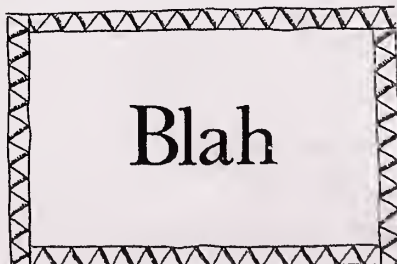


ORIENTATION ISSUE



Cash through Chaos

The *Innis Herald* regrets that the article was printed under the pseudonym shown, and it extends apologies to those who may have been offended by it. The *Innis Herald* is committed to upholding the Ontario Human Rights Code and actively practices a policy of non-discrimination. The article in question was solely the responsibility of The *Innis Herald*, and therefore should not be viewed as emanating from either Innis College or the University of Toronto.



The *Innis Herald* is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1J5.

The Innis Herald

September, 1991; Volume 26, Issue 1

The paper that ties you down and makes you eat a bug.

Editor-in-hysterics: Nancy Friedland
Assistant Editor: Christian Slater

Arts Editor of my dreams: Steve Gravestock
Random Thoughts Editor: Christian Slater
Environmental Editor: Christian Slater

Contributors:
Blitz, Manavi Handa, Karen Sumner,
Jenny Friedland, Jason Helfenbaum, Sandy Oh, Mike
Klinowski, Noah Berlove, Guys from Amnesia International

Good guy to know: Young-Ha Cho

Illustrations:
Kyo Maclear, Nancy Friedland



LETTERS

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and must be free of racist, sexist, homophobic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher. In fact, the opinions expressed in this newspaper are attributable to absolutely nobody.

Hot Mustard or Honey Garlic

Dear Editor:

It seems fitting that I, as last year's forgotten editor, greet you, this year's hot young talent, at the beginning of your reign, and offer you all the advice that I have bundled up in old shopping bags and carried around with me daily, while you were galavanting (probably half, if not three-quarters nude) on various cotes de Francais. For instance, my first sentence above is really unnecessarily lengthy and could, if I wasn't such a lazy writer, be cut down to size in smaller, tastier portions. I recommend the McNugget style of prose for a professional in your new and lofty position -- carefully measured sentences of perfectly proportioned morsels designed to look like naturally occurring literary phenomena. Your punctuation will serve the same purpose as the honey-garlic or hot mustard dipping sauces -- it will accompany and complement your prose, highlight certain delicious areas, but never, never overpower the essential ingredients of your ideas. More advice: you probably should not labour an analogy as far and long as I have. Learn to recognize the moment when your rhetoric becomes unwieldy and begins to crush the life out of your written page.

Okay -- enough writing workshop -- I'm sure you don't really need any advice in that area. What you should know, however, is this: Never, never attempt to do the really difficult, imaginative, strenuous, demanding job of laying out the holy pages of the Herald without a supremely glutinous supply of food & drink on hand. What kind of food, you ask? I recommend something heavy, greasy and take-out, preferably with hot peppers and/or anchovies. Then, to really set the stomach juices flowing, you must add an alcoholic, carbonated liquid supplement containing blood-enriching yeast and protein-rich hops. I leave it to you to figure out how and where to

creative geniuses and pretentious art-fucks -- you must learn how to handle people in a fair, diplomatic manner. I have learned that one, and one method only, works in equal measure with contributors from all



walks of life -- get mean. Crack the whip. Bounce bodies. Pull out teeth and hang them around the office as trophies. Command attention through pain and punishment, baby, and you'll get the respect you deserve. I learned this the hard way, for believe it or not I was once (though will never be again) nice to those cock-a-roach underlings who scurried about assisting with the paper. What happened as a result of my sweetness-and-light routine? Nothing. Everybody smiled a lot and asked after my relatives regularly, but otherwise accomplished zip. These are the same people who subsequently learned to happily type their articles into the Mac with their tongues while foot-massaging my aching, beer-lifting shoulders.

Oh my! Nuff said, I think you understand whence I am arriving toward you. I have nothing else to say but good luck, work hard and drop as many courses as necessary to make the Herald the centre of your life. Forget friends and family, dump all boyfriends immediately -- the paper is your lover now. Treat it right, and it will love you for at least a little while. Then, of course, you will be left where I am -- alone, bitter, drunk and 20lbs overweight with digestive tract damage. But it was worth it. My reign was supreme and all-encompassing. May the force be with you too.

Yours internally,
Karen Sumner
wom-out ex-editor has-been.



obtain such an item (or twenty four of them). One hint: You do not need a prescription, altho you may occasionally feel the need to be doctor-supervised during (or more likely after) heavy ingestion.

There's only one more thing left to say, and for this I need to be serious for a moment. You must learn -- as the leader of a diverse group of intellectuals, political activists,

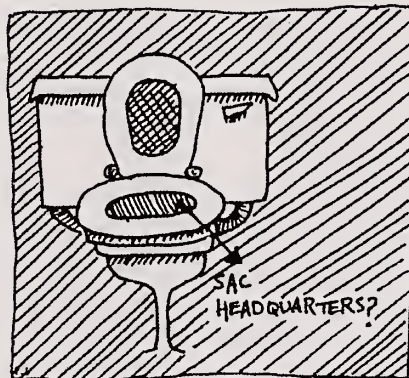
What Up?

Dear editperson:

What the fuck? I walked into Innis a while back and there was no Dead playing, the Pit was empty. Blitz had cut his inohawk off (again), Jenny smiled at me, no-one else was around, I couldn't score, the place was empty (did I say that already?), the only graffiti in the washroom was racist crap (appropriate place for it, I guess), the pub closed at 4:30, I didn't see anyone wearing black and chainsmoking (or wearing tie-dyes and smiling alot), there were no oh-so-lofty discussions of Kant or Sartre or any other pretentious

boring dead people, no-one was playing euchre, etc., so I freaked out but no-one cared, so I went to the washroom, slit my wrists, wrote good graffiti (you know, like "Back in five minutes - God ot", remember?) with the blood, still had some left so I'm writing this with the rest, and when I'm done I'll just slip gracefully into the toilet and drown, so if someone could come down and flush me I'd really appreciate it, since I've always liked SAC members, and you just know they live in sewers, right, so it's been fun, but I can't really chat much more cause my veins are almost empty, bye, Innis was six of the best years of my life... (gurgles)

Anonymous



TO Nancy Friedland, Innis Herald, for the Herald:

A warm welcome/welcome back to all new and returning students: If you're new, my guess is that someone's already urged you to "get involved". Whoever said it, they're right! The college offers a rich array of activities to make your studies at the U of T more rewarding and enjoyable. Just join in! And if you're a old-timer returning, don't forget that academic success can be enhanced through participation in College activities.

Wady UofT

Nine Months

by blitz

if, nine months ago, you and I had met - exchanged first looks, then words - touched, casually at first - found ourselves drinking on your front porch as the sun rose - kissed - laid ourselves down among tangled sheets as your housemates left for work, you around me and me inside you then tonight I could be greeting our daughter as she prepares to enter this world with a loving kiss between the walls of your thighs



Scientists

by blitz

Cunnilingus
Fellatio
Inuercourse

if the language truly does determine the attitudes, then must we see ourselves while

fucking as scientists, with condoms for lab coats?



Yes, You Are

by blitz

yes, you are beautiful but for now I would rather smell you, feel you, taste you, hear you so that all of me may share in the beauty that social custom and my eyes have guarded so well.



Translation

by blitz

it's not an always thing sometimes I lose now, am then or later sometimes I lose us, am me or you (both insufficient in this case) but sometimes I stay true and through no touch of yours nonetheless move with you feel through you yet translate that feeling into the language of my body (so much coarser than yours) I drink of your life and realize that it beyond you is much like mine beyond me



ORIENTATION

Guy with Long Hair and Glasses Gives Good Service

Mike Kilnowski
V.P. Services
ICSS

Hey, how's it going? As you may have surmised, there is an organization whose specific purpose is to open the office by the pit to allow students a place to nap, make free phone calls (no quarter, remember to dial 9) or gain respite from the wild maelstrom of euphoria. These privileged people with keys are commonly referred to as the officers of the ICSS, or Innis College Student Society. We'd like to think we have a purpose, however our true raison d'être is as yet undetermined, so, if you can conceive of anything we can possibly do to improve the standard of scholastic living around here, tell us. Better yet come to an ICSS meeting (or a few).

Every single person enrolled at Innis is a member of the ICSS, so come to the meetings and have your say! You'll probably be able to figure out who we are within a couple of days, but if not, ask your orientation leader (or someone else). Don't worry, we're not stuffy (at

least I'm not), so bug us, bother us, ask us for favors, advice, directions -- anything (within the bounds of possibility and morality). Just as an aside, if you go downstairs, you'll notice lockers on the way to the washrooms. These are all available for rent: only \$5 for the whole year. (Lockers are for sale also.) So decide which locker you want, come and tell me, and give me your money -- then it's yours for the year. For the sake of ease, I'm the guy with the long brown hair and round glasses.

Clubs Clubs Clubs

The ICSS is Innis's student council that supports all student run organizations and events within the college. This includes such things as athletic teams, social clubs, academic unions, pubs, and even dances. The office of the ICSS is located in room 116 beside the main entrance to the college on St. George Street. As there are always new activities and projects being planned, the ICSS welcomes the participation of any student who wishes to become involved in this aspect of campus life.

Elections for the new executive are customarily held in the spring of each school year.

ICSS Executive Positions and Representatives for 1991 - 1992

President-----Melissa Young
Vice President Government-----Noah Beriove
Vice President Services-----Mike Kilnowski
Treasurer-----Ramin Kaweh
Educational Commissioner-----Sean Matty
Social Coordinator-----Alexandra Thomson
Clubs Officer-----Daniel Rochman
SAC Representative-----Philip Howard
SAC Representative-----Sandy Oh
Men's Athletic Director-----Jason Helfenbaum
Women's Athletic Director-----Persifou Vavlekis
Co-Ed Athletic Director-----Andrew Melim
Director of Orientation-----Sandy Oh

ICSS Sponsored Activities

ATHLETICS

Men's	Women's
Rugby	Soccer
Hockey	Touch Football
Soccer	Volleyball
Volleyball	Basketball
Basketball	Waterpolo
Waterpolo	Squash
Squash	Tennis
Tennis	

Co-Ed

Innertube Waterpolo
Basketball
Volleyball
Waterpolo

Clubs and Organizations

Innis Film Society
Innis Herald Newspaper
Cinema Studies Students' Union
Environmental Studies Students' Group
SCAT (Innis Magazine)
Innis Take A Trip Club
Innis Role Playing Society

INNISIAT

IT'LL BE
DYNAMITE!

Wednesday

SEPT. 4th

DAY

Registration
Campus Tours
Barbecue
Games
Shine-O-Rama

NIGHT

Scavenger Hunt

Monday

SEPT. 9th

DAY

INNIS
VS
TRINITY

Tuesday

SEPT. 10th

NIGHT
ALL NIGHT
FILM FEST

SEPT. 11th

DAY

(oh no!)
CLASSES
BEGIN

NIGHT
BLUE JAYS
GAME

Want To Help Govern
Then Get Involved

Politically I

Join the University's only

Innis College

Only at Innis are students at

-O-

Become active in U of T's

I. C.

The Innis College

Positions Available for

Enquire at Room 116

ION '91!!

Thursday	Friday	Saturday
SEPT. 5th	SEPT. 6th	SEPT. 7th
DAY	DAY	DAY & NIGHT
trip to CENTRE ISLAND	S.A.C. CARNIVAL	HART HOUSE FARM
NIGHT	NIGHT	
Karaoke Pub	Concert leave for farm	
SEPT. 12th	SEPT. 13th	SEPT. 14th
DAY	DAY	DAY
CLASSES	CLASSES	REST & RELAXATION
NIGHT	NIGHT	NIGHT PARTY!!
HART HOUSE DINNER Rowers Party	BOWLING & POOL	

ern Innis College?
olved, Become:

nn-Correct!

PARITY governing body:

ge Council.

and staff represented equally.

R-

's coolest student council:

S. S.

Students Society.

r First Year Students.

16 or call 978-7368.

Innisation

Sandy Oh
Director of Orientation
ICSS

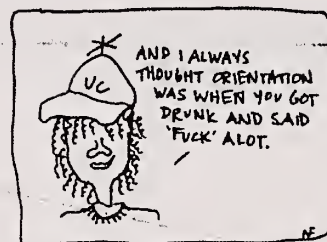
The ICSS Orientation program for 1991 offers a wide array of activities, designed to make the incoming students' integration into the university community, both easy and friendly. The idea behind this year's expanded orientation, is to introduce the students to as many diverse and challenging opportunities as possible. In this way the student may be able to experience and grow accustomed to the unique campus lifestyle. With a wealth of new activities and events planned, I hope this year's orientation will provide a valuable learning experience for all those involved. But while the entertainment aspect has always been a mainstay, this year's program reflects a shift in emphasis towards providing more information about various academic and social concerns. In the end, the ultimate goal of any orientation program is to introduce the students to a new community where they are free to explore the possibilities of a higher education. My thanks to all those who helped make the innovative program a reality. Enjoy!

Fun Fun Fun

Jason Helfenbaum
Men's Athletics
ICSS

Yes, school has begun yet again and with it comes Chemistry, English, Stats, Economics, Psych, or whatever your major may be. Classes haven't even begun yet and already you're probably dreading your first readings and assignments. So how about adding to your already busy schedule? What? Am I serious? You bet. Break up the harsh week by playing on an Innis intramural team. Take time out after a lie down (and a snooze) in your last tedious lecture to do a layup for Innis on our basketball team, or play rugby (the casualty list is still quite low), or soccer, or hockey, or football, or softball. Not your sport. Okay, then how about an ultimate tournament, or co-ed inner tube water polo? Yes this intramural sport does exist, and it is fun! We have more intramural sports than you have reasons not to play, and if there's a game that we don't have that you want, let me know and I'll see what I can arrange. So you say you're not the athletic type, well, we aren't really looking for athletes anyway. We're looking for people who like to have fun.

I hope to see many of you on the field, on the court or in the water. Sign up sheets for events should be up soon, and if you have any questions don't hesitate to ask me.



Amnesty International

What is Amnesty International?

A.I. is now a worldwide human rights organization working independently of any government, political grouping, ideology, economic interest or religious creed.

Getting Involved

If you want to join our group or obtain more information about Amnesty International, please contact our office at:

Innis College Room 210,
2 Sussex Ave.
Toronto, M5S-1J5

Feel free to drop by and if there is nobody in the office, notice of events will be posted on the bulletin board beside our door. Our answering machine also provides information and up-to-date announcements about meetings and events. Our number is: 978-7434

It now has more than 1,000,000 members in over 150 countries and more than 4000 volunteer groups worldwide. A.I. won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1977 and the United Nations Human Rights Prize in 1978.

What is Group 83?

Group 83 is one of about fifteen Amnesty International (A.I.) groups in the Toronto area. It is entirely run by U. of T. students, and is financed through our own fundraising efforts. Most colleges and faculties run letter-writing groups at various times during the week.

Group 83
University of Toronto

This year, introductory meetings will be held:
Tuesday, September 10th, at noon, rm. 209, Innis College.
Wednesday, Sept. 11th, at noon, rm. 232, Innis College.
Thursday, Sept. 12th, at 4:30pm, rm. 232, Innis College.

A Story

I'm not putting my name on this story because I don't want a bunch of people coming up to me and saying, "Oh, You're the one, I'm so sorry." I'm not writing this for sympathy. I'm writing it because I have to.

1991. A bar on Bloor

"Do you want another beer?"
"Blue please," I say.

This guy who's sitting beside me smiles. He's really cute. It's too bad I didn't get to know him in highschool. We are trying to talk to each other but the music is too loud.

"Do you want to go outside?"
"Okay," I say.

It's quiet outside but my ears are ringing. Partly from the music and partly from the low buzzing sound you always get when you're drunk. We're having one of those conversations you have with someone you barely know. So you talk about absolutely anything because you don't know the person well enough to be silent.

"So. How many brothers and sisters do you have?"

I hesitate and then say, "Only one sister." He starts talking about his family or something but I'm no longer listening. I'm thinking back. I'm thinking about my family.

1977

The front door opens. Excitedly I run downstairs. I've been waiting for him to come and play all day.

"There's my little girl. Come here shortie." My brother runs towards me and I squeal with delight as he picks me up and tosses me in the air.

"Careful," my mom says, "she's not a toy."

"Mom. Relax." Carrying me on his shoulders we walk to the kitchen for dinner.

1991

"Do you want to go back inside?"
"What? Oh. Ya. Sure. Whatever." We go back into the smoke filled room. I instantly snap back to reality.

"Let's grab another beer."

"Okay," I say.

As I walk by some friends they smile and one of them whispers "nice catch" in my ear. I laugh and keep going.

"So. Where do you go to school?" I ask. We are now seated at the bar.

"York."

"What are you taking?"

"Film."

"Oh. I know someone who was in that program. But that was a long time ago."

April 10, 1978

The phone was ringing. Half asleep she reaches for it.

"Hello?"

"Mom?"

"Hi darling. You shouldn't be calling so late, the nurses will get angry."

"Sorry. I wanted to talk to you. How are you feeling?"

"Fine. The doctors say I can leave tomorrow. There's really nothing to worry about it was a minor procedure. How's your movie going?"

"It's finished. That's why I'm calling. I'm done Mom. I'm finally finished university. I'm free."

"I'm so proud of you. We'll have to take you out for dinner. And Sharon."

"I'm so happy. Do you understand, I can finally get started with my life!"

"Your father and I were talking. You know, now that you're done we were thinking it would be a good time to start planning your wedding."

"Okay. Sharon and I'll talk about setting a date."

"Any way sweetheart, I'm going to sleep now. I'm very tired."

"No wait, I wanted to come see you."

"Now? No, you can't. Visiting hours are over and besides I'll be home tomorrow."

"I really wanted to come now. I'm so happy. I have to see you."

"Don't be silly," she laughs. "I'll see you tomorrow." Go home. Your father's probably waiting up for you."

"Okay. I love you Mom."

"Me too. I'm really proud of you."

1991

"...it was great."

"What?"

"I said Goodfellas was a great movie. Have you seen it?"

"Oh yeah. It was good."

"I have to take a leak, I'll be back in a minute."

A few minutes pass.

"I saw Pete in the can. He wants to know if you want to do a few shots with some of our old highschool buddies. You know for old times sake."

"Sure. What time is it now?"

"12:30. Almost last call - we better hurry."

"I should call my parents or they're going to worry."

April 11, 1978

He puts on the light and checks the time. 3:30 a.m. Where can he be? It's not like him to be this late. So irresponsible. He could have at least called. The doorbell rings. Nervously, he gets out of bed and puts on his robe. He can see the lights of a police car through his bedroom window. His heart pounds. When the police show up at his door, and your son isn't home yet, you know it can't be good news. He opens the door and two policemen loom before him.

"Mr. Smith?"

"Please. Just tell me if he's alive or not."

1991

"Come on."

"What?"

"I said come on, they're waiting. You're really out of it tonight."

"Sorry."

"What are we drinking to?"

"To many more nights like this."

Everyone shouts with approval and downs their Tequila.

"That was gross," my companion exclaims and burps loudly. We all laugh.

"So where to now?" asks the guy in the UWO sweatshirt.

"Lisa's parents are out of town. We can all go there. Hey, Steve let's take your jeep so we can all fit in."

"Are you kidding?" I say. "Steve's hammered."

"I am not."

"How many have you had?"

Exactly.

"I don't know. A few. I'm fine. Really."

"Well I'm not getting into your car."

"What's your problem? If he says he's fine he's fine."

"Look. Just relax. I'm not falling over or slurring or anything."

"So - neither am I - but that doesn't mean I'm not drunk," I say.

"Look, will you lighten up!"

April 11, 1978

10:00 a.m.
I get out of bed confused. How come no one came to wake me for school? Oh good, I think, maybe it's Saturday or maybe it's a PD day. Rubbing my eyes I walk into my sister's room. She is listening to the radio and crying. Some cousins and family friends encircle her.

"Why is everyone here? What's wrong?" I ask bewildered.

Unable to speak from crying so hard my sister changes the station.

"Listen," she says and turns up the volume.

...on a sadder note, there was a hit and run accident last night near the campus of York University. The

driver was found a few hours later parked in a ditch. He was still asleep after a night of drinking. Unfortunately the twenty two year old he hit, a Jonathan Aaron Smith, passed away in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. After being dragged under the car for nearly two kilometres, almost every bone in his body was crushed. A snapped spinal cord was determined the final cause of death. He is survived by his parents and two younger sisters. The funeral services will be held at...

"Did you understand?"

"He got into a car accident but he's going to have an operation and be okay. Right?"

Silence.

My older cousin grabs me.

"Your brother is dead. Do you hear me? Your brother is dead."

1991

"Do you hear me?"

"What?"

"I said lighten up. My house is only four blocks away. Steve can drive that far."

Frustrated, I don't know what to say. What should I tell them? Should I tell them the gore? Should I tell them about the clothes the police sent us that were soaked with blood even his underwear was red. Should I tell them about sitting in the courtroom listening to the coroners report, going through each broken bone one at a time. Should I tell them about the wailing I heard that was so strange and loud I thought it was an animal. Should I tell them that the sound came from my brother's fiancée after they told her. Should I tell them how all of her dreams were shattered. How she didn't get married until twelve years later. Should I tell them about the years of depression my mother and father went through. Should I tell them how it has been thirteen and a half years and not one day has gone by without me thinking about my brother. About the brother I only knew until the age of six. About the brother I should have, if it weren't for the one simple act of someone who was drunk getting behind the wheel.

I wish I could tell you, the person reading this, to read it and then read it again. And then think to yourself that this is not an isolated incident about one persons life. It's about my family and other families that feel it every single day.

I am not a Man

Blitz

Hello. Welcome back from your no-doubt lovely summer break. I have an announcement to make.

First, however, I'd like to do a bit of preparation. Were you to see me naked you would notice things like my Adam's apple, the scraggly hair on my chest and my penis and call me a man. You would however be wrong, for I have resigned my manhood. Although indisputably a male of the species *Homo sapiens* (so called), I am not a man. A "man" (except when used as a general term for "person", as was in the *Bad Old Days*) has a certain set of characteristics, primarily in our society being that he is not a woman, with all that we think that implies. I do not wish to define myself in the negative, nor do I wish others to define me thusly. In fact, I'd rather not be defined into a class that includes several billion other people, most of whom I have very little in common with. Yes, by the way, I do enjoy having sex with female members of the *Homo sapiens*: so do many female people. Yes, I am somewhat louder and more aggressive than most female people: this is partly cultural conditioning, which was neither my fault nor my virtue and which I am struggling to become aware and in control of there are also the considerations that a) I am louder and more aggressive than many male people and b) there are many female people who are louder and more aggressive than myself.

Simply put, I find the categories of "man" and "woman" (like the categories of "white", "black" and "yellow", etc.) both constricting and divisive. I am a complex composite

of Goddess, genetics and twenty-three years of unique experience (as in every other twenty-three year old) and resent anyone who tries to lump me, or parts of me, for good or for bad, in a category so vague that forty-nine percent of the species can fit into it. I consider this an insult. I consider it a further insult to have the gall to lump me in this category for the basic reason that I have a penis. I also consider it evidence of a profound lack of thought.

I will not deny that the society we inhabit has tried throughout my life to brainwash me into taking on certain stereotypically "manly" characteristics (such as the previously mentioned loudness and aggressiveness). I will also not deny that some of this brainwashing has taken hold of me. However, to use this as an excuse for calling me a "man" is to ignore two other salient facts. One, the fact that no matter how much brainwashing is done to me I remain first of all a person. Two, the assumption in the term "man" that I am completely brainwashed, whereas in reality the degrees of washing vary, and without getting to know me really well, the precise degree (and thus the accuracy of the term "man", which can obviously never be one hundred percent, i.e. completely accurate) is unknown. As well it gives the implication that the person applying the epithet is somehow an objective, completely unbrainwashed observer, which is ridiculous.

To sum up, then, I would ask the following of those I come into contact with: Firstly, if sex specific

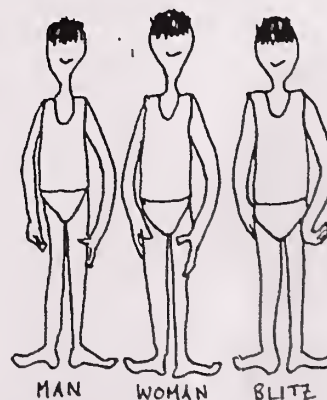
identification is needful - i.e. to recognize me in a crowd so you can know who to talk with about why *Bad Religion* are gods, call me a "male". Secondly, don't insult my and your own intelligence by assuming characteristics I may or may not have simply because I do have a penis (or don't have a vagina, as the case may be). And if any of this seems reasonable to you, may I suggest you apply it to yourself, thus hastening the day when instead of men and womyn, we can all be people.

Other stuff... I'd like to take this space to advise you, at peril of missing some great music, to check the Lowest of the Low, Dig Circus, and Bigmouth, as I see as three of the brighter lights on the Toronto club scene. All three are unpretentious, fun to watch, and best and rarest of all - genuinely intelligent bands who combine accessibility with honesty. They don't sound or look alike - but they're making good music with no bullshit. Check 'em out, and tell them I sent you, so they'll maybe put me on a guestlist sometime.

...and if you missed Fugazi and/or Jonathan Richman, may I gleefully inform you that you missed two incredible shows and you should, if you care about music, not repeat this mistake should they return.

Any questions or comments should be sent to the Herald, just to let us know you exist and because - believe it or not - we're interested, dammit. So write. Seeya.

RANDOM
THOUGHTS



Rebirths and Abortions

Steve Gravestock

Alan Parker's *The Commitments*, about a Dublin R&B outfit with the same name, spouts preposterous bluffs. It offers up rock critic sociology -- comparing North Dubliners with American blacks -- and presents contemporary Dublin as if it were London during the Blitz. (According to Parker, Dublin is populated solely by kids cavorting destructively in picturesque ruins.) Almost every theme seems either false or way off. However, the movie never takes what it says seriously. Its unstated, real subject is energy, specifically the energy teenagers feel when they're involved in something they consider worthwhile (ie, a rock and roll band). In fact, *The Commitments*, probably more than any other film I've seen, comes closest to capturing this energy and the energy of rock music in general.

The movie takes its tone from the band's manager, Jimmy Rabbitte. Jimmy boasts a proud, hipster lineage: he combines the best aspects of On the Road's Sal Paradise and Dean Moriarty, possessing Dean's energy but lacking Sal's neurotic moodiness, Sal's reflectiveness without Dean's carelessness. (You may also spot Laurence Harvey's hustler agent from *Expresso Bongo* and Willie Nelson's Doc from *Songwriter* in Jimmy's character.) As the band's principal mentor,

Jimmy improvises theories to justify his actions but he's not committed to anything he says: he's only committed to the high he gets when he picks up a full head of steam.

Two old school chums ask Jimmy to manage their band. Jimmy agrees and immediately fires the singer -- who specializes in selections from the Burt Bacharach songbook -- and places an ad in the paper urging people with "soul" to audition. After wedding through the Sincad O'Connor and Sting wannabees, punks and metalheads, Jimmy comes up with a disparate crew. Included in the final line-up are Doco Cuffe (a lead singer with a voice like Wilson Pickett) and the manners of Johnny Rotten), Joey - the Lips - Fagan (a trumpeter of indeterminate age who claims to have played with everyone from Elvis to Joe Tex), three vivacious young women collectively deemed The Commitmentettes, and several tossers from the neighbourhood. The band steadily improves but egos and sex get in the way despite Jimmy's best efforts. (This is probably the only realistic observation in *The Commitments*: both of my brothers were in rock bands and it may be easier to carry an egg in your back pocket than keep a band together.)

Centering the action on Jimmy's efforts to get and keep the band together is a canny dramatic move. As a result, the extended performance sequences have a

dramatic edge to them. This distinguishes the movie from many (most) other rock films where the music is ignored, sub-standard or entirely unrelated to the plot. (It helps that the Commitmentettes only play R&B classics so you always enjoy hearing them.)

Alan Parker's direction is flashy and exuberant. After lumbering his way through serious social issues and cinematic tour de forces (in *Mississippi Burning* and *Angel Heart*) he seems to be incredibly relieved at not having to deal with a profound subject. At times, the direction seems a little too slick but the cast's directness -- they're almost all inexperienced actors -- prevents this from becoming a problem. Parker cast musicians so that the performance scenes would look genuine but he wound up with an amazing ensemble. (Robert Arkins' Jimmy stands out but that may only be due to the size of his role.) Then again, the slickness may suit the subject perfectly. As Elvis once said, it doesn't have to be spontaneous, it just has to sound that way. *The Commitments* does.

Boyz in the Hood has the kind of realism critics like Roger Ebert love. Its plot comes from old movies. The movie sets virtuous Tre (Cuba Gooding, Jr.) against troubled, intelligent DoughBoy (Ice Cube).

DoughBoy, who is raised by his emotional mother, is dragged under by the violence in his neighbourhood, while Tre, raised by his strong no-nonsense father, escapes it. You can start with any old Hollywood movie about siblings with different temperaments, paste on some glib observations about current black experience, mix in elements of the Black Nationalist Socialism Spike Lee developed in



Do The Right Thing, add lackluster performances, avoid any sense of rhythm, and come up with the same thing. Writer-director John Singleton is this year's Spike Lee without any of Lee's technical skill. *Boyz in the Hood* is boring and obscenely patriarchal. Tre succeeds because his father knows how to discipline him while DoughBoy fails because his mother is too weak and hysterical. Singleton is an odd mix of commercialism -- the movie ends with happy ending sub-titles for Tre and his girlfriend so that there aren't any loose ends whatsoever -- and Spike Lee's brand of overt politicization: the kind of bullshit that sells movies to liberal critics desperate to expose their politically correct, earnest genitalia. Larry Fishburne does some good work as Tre's father and Ice Cube labours mightily to give his character some depth. However, the movie betrays both of them. Fishburne is given abhorrent political speeches while Singleton never lets Ice Cube develop anything. The key to interpreting the movie is in the sub-titles and a gratuitous sex scene. Singleton won't let the audience interpret anything for themselves and he's the kind of artist who -- assuming we can't focus on anything for an extended period of time without some pornographic gratification -- isn't afraid to flash us a little tit to keep us alert.

Sometimes first-time writer-directors are their own worst enemies. Too close to their scripts to recognize what's amiss and probably too inexperienced or uncertain as directors to compensate for the script's flaws, they let good projects slip down the drain -- or more commonly half-way down. *Reflecting Skin*, the directorial debut by the young Englishman Philip Ridley, provides a perfect example of this phenomenon.

Reflecting Skin has a promising, rich set-up. Nine-year old Seth Dove is a little hellion who cruelly hassles his widowed neighbour, an Englishwoman named Dolphin Blue. His opening sortie at her involves exploding an inflated bullfrog in her face so that she's coated with its blood. Seth's crazed mother viciously abuses him and his father is weak and ineffectual. His brother Luke doesn't have time for him and may be attracted to Dolphin. When people start turning up dead -- the first victim is one of Seth's playmates -- Seth decides that Dolphin's a vampire. (He's been reading his father's pulp novels.)

The ideas aren't original. The movie's themes -- how children tragically misinterpret events, their

psycho-sexual tensions, their capacity for cruelty, and adults' inability to respond to children -- crop up in countless works. (They range from Hemingway's *A Day's Wait* to Lawrence's *Rocking Horse Winner* to James's *What Maisie Knew* and *Peanuts*.) However, the ideas are strong enough dramatically to work and they seem drawn from observation rather than specific works. *Reflecting Skin* doesn't suffer from the pervasive post-modernist self-reflective allusion.

Unfortunately, at this point in his career, Ridley is a clumsy craftsman. At best, his dialogue is functional; at worst, wooden. He's not much better with the performers most of whom come across as petrified or lost though Jeremy Cooper, the young actor who plays Seth, tries and is physically suited to the role. (Sometimes he looks corn fed angelic and sometimes demonic: *E.T.*'s Henry Thomas with a streak of cruelty and a diseased mind.) Lindsay Duncan, who plays Dolphin, has a couple of moments as well. But these two are the best of the lot and they're not particularly notable.

It was probably a mistake to locate the action in a small mid-Western town. Ridley -- an Englishman -- appears to have no idea of what life in a small town is like. The Dove gas station and Dolphin's house are supposed to be dilapidated but there's not a scratch on anything in the Dove household while Dolphin could give a Rosedale maven some lessons about interior decorating. The material isn't far enough removed from conventional realism to accept these gaffes. (To be fair, though, this may be because of the budget.) The characters' names don't help either.

Ridley's direction isn't distinctive or confident enough to let us surrender completely to his vision. Some of the most chilling scenes in the movie fall curiously flat as a result. (For example, Seth finds an abandoned fetus and assumes it's his deceased playmate who's now an angel.)

Ridley started as a painter but his images aren't exactly compelling and he doesn't seem particularly drawn to film. *Reflecting Skin* could just as easily have been a play or prose -- mediums he's also worked in -- and would probably have worked better. Ridley reminds you of Tarkovsky but he lacks the passion for film which makes Tarkovsky's work interesting. At this stage, though, the filmmaker he most resembles is Neil Jordan (*Mona Lisa, High Spirits*). Like Jordan, he lacks film sense but makes up for that with ideas. *Reflecting Skin*, like Jordan's first movie *Angel*, is a failure but it's a promising one.



The Travelling Neurotic

Jenny Friedland

My mother cleverly suggests that I label it excitement but I prefer to think of it as a feeling of impending doom. Either way, whenever I am about to set off for another country I am stricken with panic. The plane may crash, the bus will most certainly crash, they will steal my passport and make me drink the local water. I won't be able to find any toilet paper -- ad things are sure to abound. But the way I see it, life is full of risks and either you take some of them or you resign yourself to a life of dullness.

So this summer I went to Mexico. Before I went, however, I tried to lessen some of the risks involved. Now, being a firm believer that all planes may crash, there was nothing I could do about the flight except avoid booking it with *Dwayne's Planes* or some such nonsense (although once, when flying at Christmas, I actually asked the pilot if he had remembered to de-ice the wings). The way I saw it, the plane would either crash or it wouldn't and since I did want to get to Mexico, I figured I would take my chances. I did not feel, however, that I had to take chances with my health. I stocked up on Immodium, Pepto-Bismol, a water purifier and malaria pills. Then I went to the St. Mike's travel clinic and let them inject what they would into my tush and I listened attentively while they told me everything I ever wanted to know about dehydration and the evils of unpeeled fruit. Finally, after I had recorded the numbers of all my traveller's cheques and made sure that I had put at least one roll of toilet paper in at least twelve different places, I was ready to go.

Ever the cautious traveller, after I had miraculously landed in Mexico

City and they handed me my tourist card, I made certain to put it in a safe place. After all, everybody (except, apparently, the woman I was travelling with) knows that you don't travel in Mexico without your tourist card. But what I would call being responsible, my companion preferred to call neurotic, and my frequent suggestions that she put her tourist card somewhere safe, or that we avoid walking down dark alleys alone at night, or that maybe it wasn't a good idea to drink the water at a market stand, were met with comments like, "Do you ever stop worrying?", "Stop acting like a child", and "Can't you have fun?" etc. Now of all the risks I had calculated before embarking on this journey, I had never factored in the possibility that a fairly solid friendship would be utterly destroyed. It wasn't that I couldn't have fun, it was just that I knew me well enough to know that to really have fun I had to make sure that everything was in order. It was not, for example, fun when, after travelling all night on a bus, we were stopped at a provincial border and told that we could not continue because my friend had lost her tourist card. A big, fat *federate* with no sense of humour told me that I should go on while my friend return to get her new card. I said that I was not about to leave her in the middle of nowhere and asked how it was that we were to return to Chetumal (the closest city with an immigration office). The man said that he didn't care, that it wasn't his problem, but that he would drive her back though not me. I remarked that I found that rather inhumane, he said that he didn't care, and finally the two of us found ourselves hitchhiking on a deserted Mexican highway. Of course, hitchhiking is a risk that I

panic that we'd get picked up and killed all because some government official would take only her and not me. I mean, what exactly did he have in mind? And was it really so neurotic of me to have worried about where our tourist cards were? I suppose that too much worry, or always trying to anticipate problems down the road, does, to some, seem a little too controlling but I figure that because enough bad things happen that you can't control -- like planes crashing or cars running you over -- you might as well control what you can. Hell, I even quit smoking.

And I don't think I'm being neurotic when, to give another example, I decline an invitation to go to a party with five guys I just met, where the only transportation is someone else's car, where I'd be stuck in the middle of nowhere should I opt not to drive back with someone who is drunk, etc. This I call common sense. This my friend called being a suck, and so she went without me. Now, I know that no means no and all that but I also think it is a woman's responsibility to avoid situations in which no might be pretty difficult to believe. And seeing that my friend is blonde and thin and quite the Mexican *enchilada*, her going to a party with five guys she just met would seem to be one of those situations. And, it turns out, she had a fairly dismal experience. She was the only female at this so-called *fiesta*, all the guys thought that she was there for a good time, everybody was really drunk and nobody would drive her home. It was apparently quite a heinous adventure but at least she stopped teasing me about being too neurotic. Of course, she's right. I am pretty neurotic. But at least I'm not a bonehead. And I never got diarrhoea.

BACK PAGE

INNIS FILM SOCIETY

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All films take place at the Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Ave., one block south of Bloor at St. George St. Film Society subscribers are admitted free to all screenings.

A complete schedule of the Fall/Winter series will be published in time for the September 19 screening. If you want to be added to our mailing list phone 979-8808.

For more information, please phone 979-7790

DREYER

Thursday, September 19, 7 pm, free

Day of Wrath

Carl Theodor Dreyer, 1943, 128 min., color, silent, w/Eng. subtitles

GALLAGHER RIMMER

Thursday, September 26, 7 pm, \$3.00

Surfacing on the Thames

Variations on a Cellulose Wrapper

Atmosphere

The Nippon-O'Clock Gun

Terminal City

Mirage

Canadian Pacific I&II

David Blumenthal, 1970, 9 min., color, silent, 16 L&A
David Blumenthal, 1970, 6.5 min., color, silent
Chris Gallagher, 1979, 10 min., color, silent, sound
Chris Gallagher, 1980, 8 min., color, silent
Chris Gallagher, 1981, 10 min., color, silent
Chris Gallagher, 1983, 7 min., color, silent
David Blumenthal, 1970, 9 min., color, silent, 16 L&A

CHAMBERS

Thursday, October 3, 7 pm, \$3.00

Mosaic

Hybrid

R-34

Circles

Jack Chambers, 1984, 9 min., color, silent
Jack Chambers, 1986, 9 min., color, silent
Jack Chambers, 1987, 30 min., color, silent
Jack Chambers, 1988, 28 min., color & color, silent/sound

OBERHAUSEN

Thursday, October 3, 7 pm, \$3.00

Oberhausen's director Angela Haardt will be present to introduce the winners of the 1991 Oberhausen Short Film Festival, including films by Jan Svankmajer, the Brothers Quay & others. Presented in cooperation with the Goethe-Institut Toronto

The Innis Film Society appreciates the generous assistance of the Ontario Arts Council, the Toronto Arts Council, and the Innis College Student Society.

Festival of Festivals

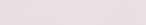
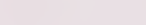
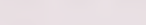
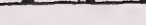
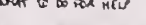
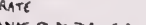
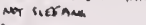
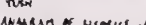
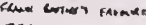
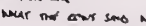
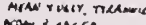
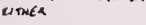
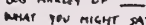
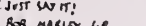
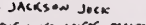
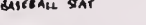
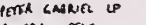
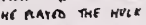
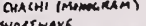
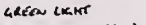
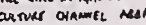
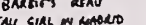
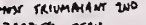
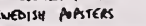
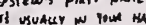
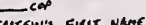
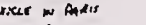
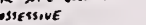
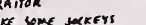
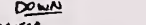
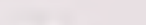
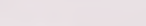
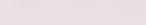
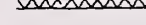
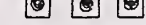
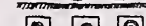
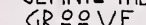
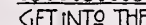
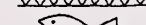
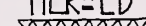
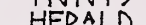
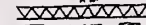
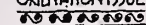
The 16th Annual Toronto Festival of Festivals runs from September 5-14th. The line-up looks very promising. There are new films by Krystoff Kieslowski, David Beaird, the Maysles brothers, John Frankenheimer, Peter Greenaway, Tauli Hark (a one-man industry, he's directed two and co-directed one), John Woo, the Coen brothers, Terry Gilliam, Mike Leigh, Chantal Ackerman, Bruce Elder, Derek Jarman, Jacques Rivette, Nicolas Roeg, Godard, Michael Apted's sequel to 28 Up 35 Up, Agnes Varda, Christian Blackwood, and the one everybody's been waiting for, Gus Van Sant's follow-up to *Drugstore Cowboy*: *My Own Private Idaho*, starring Keanu Reeves and River Phoenix. There is also one of Van Sant's short films and an unreleased Bruce Weber work *Backyard Movie*. Two actors — Sean Penn and Jodie Foster — make their directing debuts. The *Midnight Madness* program sounds a lot more interesting than last year's. The spotlight — on Ken Loach (*Hidden Agenda*) — doesn't exactly grab me but there's plenty of other great stuff. Some of the other highlights are a block party on Saturday, September 7th from 6 to midnight on Yorkville Ave. between Bay and Cumberland and a free screening of Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* on Friday September 6th at 8:30 in Nathan Phillip's Square.

The HERALD Needs:
(Please circle one.)

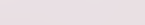
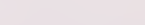
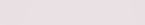
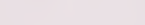
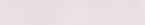
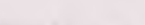
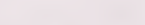
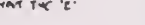
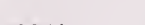
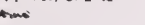
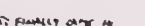
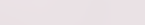
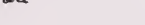
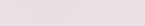
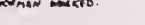
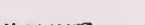
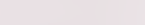
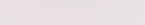
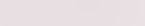
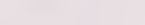
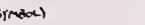
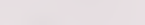
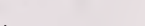
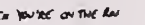
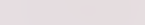
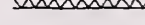
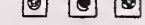
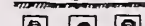
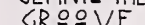
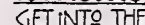
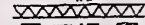
- Writers
- A good swift kick in the pants
- Artists
- Editors
- Slaves
- \$2000 for a new computer
- Pâté

If you answered "yes" to any of the above, then go back and read the instructions more carefully. The correct answer is all of the above.

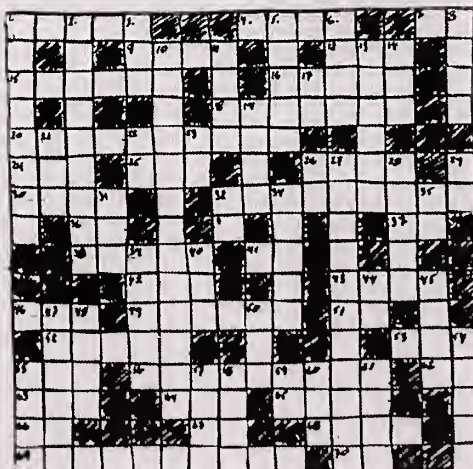
ORIENTATION ISSUE



ORIENTATION ISSUE



KRÖS WÜRD



ACROSS

- LIKE SANDPAPER
- THIS CLUE'S NUMBER
- I LIKE MINE RUP FREE
- ISLAND IN SPAIN
- BIG TREE
- ONE WHO LETS IT ALL HANG OUT
- IT GIVES GOOD TV
- WHAT HOT AIR SOMETIMES GOES INTO
- WHERE TO FIND BACARINS ON A SUNDAY
- ROOTBEER (w/ SYMBOL)
- RUSSIAN PRES WITHOUT GACHEV
- CRUSTACEAN
- BAMBI
- EPSTEIN'S PAL
- KIM BASINGER'S HUSBY'S MONOGRAM
- HUGS AND KISSES
- HE PUT THE BEAT IN BEATLES
- RIVER IN ITALY
- NEEDLE-LIKE THING
- STRING THING
- PREFIX, NOT DIFFERENT
- UNISE'S PAL
- INTERVIEW PERFUME AUTHOR (MONOGRAM)
- BEHIND WHICH CROWNED WHITY
- BEFORE
- STREET IN ALES
- POSSIBLE RESPONSE TO "ANOTHER PLAY IS"
- SPIDERMAN'S BEST
- WHAT IN SEAT COUNTING WITH IN MEXICO
- FIB
- LAY WITH ASHLEY?
- OLDER SISTER'S MONOGRAM ON "FAMILY TIES"
- ON
- KOSHER DOES NOT BE BEST
- WHAT DREW WAS IN "FIRESTARTER"
- SHE PLAYED DIANE (MONOGRAM)

DOWN

- TRAITOR
- LIKE SOME SHERKEYS
- POSSESSIVE
- UNCLE IN PARIS
- COP
- EPSTEIN'S FIRST NAME
- IT'S USUALLY IN YOUR HAND WHEN YOU'RE ON THE RUN
- SWEETISH PASTERS
- MYST TRIUMPHANT AND BASEMAN
- BARDIC'S REAR
- TALL GIRL IN ABOARD
- CULTURE CHANNEL ABBEY (w/ SYMBOL)
- GREEN LIGHT
- CHACHI (MONOGRAM)
- SHORTHAIR
- "MEXICO" WITH MY PIANO" SINGER
- HE PLAYED THE HULK
- PETRA GABRIEL LP
- BASEBALL STAT
- JACKSON JACK
- SHE LIVED WHILE CALLING THE DOORMAN DOORED.
- JUST SAY IT!
- BIG HARLEY LP DREAD
- WHAT YOU MIGHT SAY TO A BULL
- EITHER
- MEAN TRULY, TITANICAL PERSON
- PETTY & CAGER
- MARGARINE
- WHAT THE GUY SING WHEN THE FINALLY CAME IN
- FRANK BROWNE'S FAVORITE COUNTRY
- TUN
- ANALOG OF HEMLOCK WIFE WITHOUT THE "E"
- ADAMANTABLE SHERMAN
- NOT SLEEPING
- HATE
- WHAT TO DO FOR HELP



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